

What information to tolerate and trifle with such an enemy. But let us be of good cheer and lift up our heads, for if there is any meaning in the signs of the times, the day of deliverance is at hand. Let us be strong therefore, and give up our lives and much more, steadily on, and the victory is ours.

When I took up my pen I had no idea of writing anything more than merely to give you a short account of our duties here on the late national birthday anniversary, which I will now endeavor to do as briefly as possible, asking your indulgence for the above diversion.

Here, for several years past, that glorious day has been suffered to pass by almost without notice, that is, so far as a public celebration of the day was concerned. The last anniversary of that great day, however, was very differently observed. For it was, I am happy to say, celebrated by our citizens with much more show, and more public spirit than before.

Indeed such has been the case I believe throughout our State. How far this is attributable to the recent rapid increase and spread of our Order in the State, of course we cannot tell, but here as in many other places, the Sons of Temperance have most cordially joined in with, or taken the entire lead in the matter. At all events, our Division was the first mover in the matter here, having determined on a temperance celebration of the day sometime before any other move was made. Subsequently, however, our patriotic Fire Companies took the matter in hand, and their arrangements being more general in their character, and they having given to us a most cordial invitation to turn out in procession with them, we postponed our meeting until the afternoon, yielding the morning hour to their orator. Well, complying with their invitation, we turned out with them in the morning, both Sons and Cadets, in full regalia, bearing both our elegant banners—that of the Sons being the good-will offering of the fair ladies of our town; presenting on one side the title of our Division "N. O. S. of T." and on the other, the unique and expressive motto: "Let's OVERTHROW SYCOPHANTS FROM A RIDGID FOUNTAIN."

That of the Cadets was a gay and tasty affair, well suited to their youthfulness and buoyancy. On one side having their title, "N. O. S. of T." and on the other, the admirable motto of their Order, "Virtue, Love and Temperance." A motto under which every parent should be anxious and proud to have their sons enlist.

When I assert that our appearance in the procession was quite imposing, and the chief feature of it, I think I am saying nothing but what will be borne out by all who witnessed it—and that notwithstanding the fact that a third of our members only—owing to some pressing business, and a good portion being absent in the country, &c., &c. In the afternoon, we again formed in procession and marched to the Theatre, where, after the usual preliminary exercises of prayer and singing, our worthy brother Rev. J. L. Fisher, addressed the large and respectable audience that filled the house, in one of the most original and glowing discourses on the temperance question I ever heard the good fortune to hear. I cannot justly describe it, and will therefore not attempt it. It was listened to with profound attention and doubtless made a good impression on many minds in favor of our holy cause; indeed we know that it, in connection with our processions, &c., told well for the interest of the cause in old Newbern. After the usual closing ceremonies, we again formed in procession, and wending our way circuitously, so as to pass by and exhibit our strength to the liquor dealing fraternity, we proceeded quietly back to the Division room, where after such congratulations as the encouragement and incidents of the day were calculated to inspire, we separated with renewed vows to battle on, battle ever, in the good cause.

In conclusion, allow me to congratulate you and the Order on the constantly increasing circulation of your valuable paper. Indeed, I am persuaded, can be more beneficial to our cause than the spread of a good Temperance Paper, as is the "Spirit of the Age," conducted as it evidently is, with great ability and zeal. Its weekly influence is constantly enlarging and strengthening the already large and strong foundation on which our beloved Order rests, and based on which is fast rearing high into view its beautiful superstructure. Let every Temperance man encourage and support the Temperance Press—so that these winged seeds of Truth shall be scattered broadcast throughout our land, and the enemy will soon quail beneath our feet.

Feeling encouraged myself in learning through the Communications in your paper of the spirit and success of other Divisions in different parts of the State, and presuming there are others who have kindred feelings with myself, I respectfully submit the foregoing to you, to appear in your columns or not, as you deem best.

Enclosed you have the pay and address of another subscriber to the Spirit of the Age, for the ensuing year.

With the best wishes for your health and prosperity, and for the continued prosperity of the blessed cause in which you are so earnestly laboring, I remain,

Yours truly,  
EDMUND CUTHBERT.

FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE:  
THE BATTLE AXE—No. 1.

"Woe unto him that putteth his bottle to his neighbor and maketh him drunk also."—Haild. 3d Ch. 16th verse.

Angels, we know, rejoice over as many of our fellow creatures as are reclaimed from lives of folly, sin, shame and misery. It is a natural inference, that they grieve over the vice, self degradation and ruin of mortals. What is more reasonable, therefore, than the certainty that these shining ministers of God's benevolence, stand amazed when they behold a class of men, whose constant employment it is, to distil and brew fiery and maddening liquors! And another class, still larger, who live by mingling strong drinks, for money, goods or produce, filling up and dealing out bottles, decanters, cups and glasses of intoxicating poisons, which their daily experience convinces them, never fail to ruin, disgrace and destroy their silly customers! That such selfish and unfeeling traffickers in the blood of souls, must, if they repent not, drink the fierce cup of God's indignation to the very dregs, is clear from Ps. 75, 8. That men of this class forebode such a dreadful result, I have had demonstrative proof.

Some months ago, I was requested by a pious Episcopalian, to visit the only public "hot bottle putter," in town who lay on a sick bed. At my first entrance, he seemed greatly agitated and from the state of his nerves, I readily discerned, that, as usual, those who draw, mingle and sell liquors, drink freely of it, too. So God makes man's violence and cruelty often recoil upon the heads of themselves, as the oppressors and disturbers of the civil peace and social welfare; raising his trembling hands, he exclaimed "oh! Doctor, the Lord is working mightily upon me; I never closed my eyes all night. I am sick, sick, I want you to pray for me. If I ever get off this bed alive, I am determined to live a new life." I replied frankly to Mr. —, whose sincerity I greatly distrust, that I trusted in God's mercy to him, that HE would not only work mightily, but that HE would finish his work! That I saw

his conscience was working deep conviction of his truly bad life, and if God helped him, the work of reformation would be perfect." I commended his soul to God, with the feeling, that I was praying for a man who covered up his iniquity in his heart, and hence I hoped, only in the impotent intercession of our Saviour. Next morning I found him more composed, reading his Bible, and doubtless skipping over the thousands of flaming denunciations against drinking and making drunkards, twenty of whom, I had often seen at a time, some fighting, some swearing and all cheated out of their senses and their money, for that which was not bread, but bitterness, shame and outrage on decency and good morals. On this man's recovery a few weeks after, he heard me in my office, admonishing several intemperate men, to save themselves by joining the Order of the Sons; save their money, time, reason, character, family happiness—who could tell? but their souls also from eternal death! A few minutes after, who should re-enter, to my amazement, with a Holy Bible in his polluted hands, and challenge me to prove from it, that a man might not spend his money, for liquor, without sin, but this liquor seller!

I answered him, "that I did not intend to dispute with him, on so plain a matter as this, that God had every where, condemned the use, purchase for one's self, or selling or giving to others, any kind of strong, drugged, intoxicating drinks, as a common beverage—that distilled liquors, and the adulterated and fiery, filthy wines now sold, were all such as God condemned; distillation having been invented since the Scriptures were written; brewing such spirits or wines as he and others sold, were entirely different from the pure, very weak wines allowed on religious and feast days to the Jews; there was no divine license to sell or drink them! That I knew the passages, he alluded to, but they belonged only to the abrogated ceremonial laws of the Mosaic code. Further, that he must know the dreadful effects of the liquor he sold, by what he saw before his own doors." "I never sell liquor," he retorted, "to a man, who has got enough, to hurt him." The first glass, like the first downward step to sin, always hurts every one, said I. One glass makes them eager for another—I believe in no moderate drinking of distilled, drugged, adulterated liquors of any kind. Suppose you had lived in the South West a few years ago, when the milk poison prevailed so dreadfully in Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee. You know that certain herbs, their cows ate of, imparted a fatal poison to their milk, and nearly all, who used that milk died. Would you Mr. —, as a man, with a Bible in your hand, sell such milk as that, and hope to escape divine retribution? What is the difference between poisoned milk, and poisoned beverages?

"I'll sell, what I please—I don't like your Temperance Societies—old persons—one of the best men in this country, 70 years old, says they've done more to disturb the peace of this country, than all other societies, and I believe they're trying to unite church and State! they talk about stopping giving license to sell liquor! But, they are going down every day, and in a few years, things will go on smooth as they did before!" My answer was, "I hope in God, for the sake of my country, that before I die, every State in this Union, will be enlightened so far as to control the whole liquor traffic by law, and confine it entirely to sworn and faithful inspectors, and dispensers! The Bible holder, and 'hot bottle putter,' could contain his wrath no longer, but left muttering between his teeth "Parson T—, is as good as any of your new fangled Sons of Temperance—he's drank for fifty years, and says it hasn't hurt him!" I inquired after he had left, to what sect the parson belonged? To my surprise, he was not a hard shell, Ironside, Adamantine, nor, indeed—but I shall not say what he was, but this I say, "no groggler nor drunkard," shall (by the grace of God sustaining me) ever shelter themselves in their dreadful trade by quoting my example, or my amity to the Sons of Temperance. They shall not make me their screen, nor stumbling block, even tho' I should be made their song, and their music. The moral of this is easily discovered, viz: 1. That as the Devil quoted Scripture, but always perverted it, to beguile men; so, had men try to confirm themselves and others in their deluding folly, by wresting plain passages of Holy Writ, and pleading the example of apostate, or corrupt ministers, in order to lull their consciences, that they may still continue to gratify their sinful darling propensities. 2. That men often mistake the work of a guilty conscience for the work of the Lord. 3. That a sick and dying bed is ever awful to any man who follows a cruel, sin-causing, misery-making traffic, for a living! 4. That the reproach of such wicked men is the greatest honor to the Sons of Temperance; for, if they were not crushing in the gates of grapple, why should they groan so, but because they tremble at the certain destiny that awaits them, both here and hereafter. Here, every humane patriot and true Christian must condemn their cruelty. And if drunkards cannot be saved, how much less can drunkard makers, in this land of Bibles, who must know that they make at least, 10 drunkards every year.

PORTIBUS.

KEEPING SWEET POTATOES.

I always keep my potatoes in pits dug underneath my top-stacks. These pits are about two feet deep, and as wide as the stack will admit—the length, from fork to fork that support the top pole of the stack. Before storing the potatoes away, I have the sides and ends of the pits well planked up, and the bottoms covered about two inches thick with pine boards. I have also a layer of pine boards up the sides and ends about the same thickness as that which covers the bottom. This layer is placed along with the potatoes, and the pits being nearly filled with potatoes, I cover them over lightly with pine boards, and finish the covering with poles and dirt, the dirt being thrown on last, lightly, taking care to stop the apertures between the poles so that no dirt can pass through. In this way I have kept hundreds of bushels of potatoes, without the loss of five. Care should be taken before storing away potatoes for winter use, to have them carefully picked over, and all such as are rot, broken or bruised, these rot to avoid bruising potatoes much, they should be handled lightly. With a view to keeping my potatoes in this way, I have my stack upon elevated planks, so that the water may pass off without soaking in the ground, and thereby keeping the pits perfectly dry, which is all-important. When I took up my potatoes last spring, kept as above directed, out of twenty bushels there was not a half bushel injured. G. E.

In a certain village in Massachusetts, rum jugs are labelled "Washing Fluid." This is very appropriate, for rum has washed many a man clean out of his home, home, and humanity.

"Margery, what did you do with that tallow Mr. Jones greased his boots with this morning?"

"Please marm, I baked the griddle cakes with it."

"Lucky you did, Miss; I thought you had washed it."

GETTING INTO TIGHT QUARTERS.

During the last brush between "Uncle Sam" and the "Britishers," a regiment was raised in Canada principally composed of pardoned felons and other worthless of that stamp. It was called the "King's Own," but was more properly nicknamed and reputed as the "Devil's Own," its advent in a place being more dreaded than an excursion from Yankedom. The officers kept up the Satanic fame of their corps with commendable spirit, the "pillar" being Ensign D'E. He was the most consummate practical joker in the army, and his messmates held him in awe in consequence of the repeated success of his tricks upon them. After an outrageous affair which nearly cost the lives of two or three of his comrades, it was resolved to retaliate at the earliest opportunity, which soon offered.

The regiment on the march to the frontier, bivouacked in the vicinity of L'Acadie. It then became a question of some import to know how the mess table was to be garnished. One suggested a very common expedient among both officers and men, viz, a visit to some neighboring hen-coop. Another immediately added that, at about a mile from the encampment, he had noticed an old lady feeding some pretty plump geese.

"Let's have 'em, by all means," cried D'E. The party sallied out, and on reaching the old lady's premises a reconnaissance showed the geese were penned in under one of those ovens which the generality of Canadians built near their houses, instead of baking their bread in this country.

"Who'll crawl in?" came to be the question.

"D'E—will; he understands the business, and is the smallest chap among us," said one of the party.

"Certainly," cried the Ensign, who always sought distinction in exploits of the kind; "I will, but some of you must go to the house and entertain the old woman so she may not interrupt my operations."

D'E, although a slight man, had to exert his utmost strength in order to squeeze himself half through the door of the pen.

"Now," he cried, wading off the attack of a bullephant old goose, "run in to the old woman."

And they did run in!

"Madam! Madam!" they cried—"there's a fellow stealing your geese! Come quick—quick!"

The old lady flew to the chimney-corner, seized her broomstick, and sallied out to surprise the Ensign in the hottest of his trade with his ferocious antagonist, the patriarchal goose. She instantly proceeded to intimate her presence by dealing the trespasser a terrific blow, the full force of which sat upon the exposed part with unrestricted effect, as he hid on his shell-jacket only.

"Hello, there! Stop that, you fools—you hurt!" shouted the officer.

"Hah, you rascal!" the infuriate woman shrieked. "I'll teach you to rob a poor lone widow of her lawful property, and she applied her weapon to the culprit with redoubled energy.

"Murder!" yelled the Ensign.

"That's it," whispered a captain who owed D'E a grudge of long standing. "Give it to the fellow," he added, putting her encouragingly on the shoulder.

"Wick-wack!" went the broomstick.

"Ough—murder! Murder—r-r-r!" yelled the depredator.

"Strike lower, my good woman," said the vindictive captain, with as much coolness as if he were superintending a military flogging.

The injunction was implicitly followed. D'E roared with pain and made superhuman efforts to extricate himself. His comrades, all but the inexorable captain, were rolling upon the grass convulsed with laughter.

"I'll give you a guinea if you'll stop," cried the Ensign.

"I'll give you two—go it," whispered the captain, urging her on.

She resumed the castigation with a blow that sent the broomstick flying into pieces. D'E grew desperate, and with the yell of a Mohawk he escaped—a goose in each hand.

He roared alone upon the booty that night, but the others were too delighted to complain of a slim mess in consequence.

WHAT THE U. S. COULD SHOW AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

"Punch," in noticing the expected arrivals of curiosities for the Fair, enumerates "The whip with which American flags all creation, especially the colored portion of it."

Our neighbors of the 'great work shop' would be more effectually whipped by the exhibition of a family of the descendants of the poor Irish that flee to our shores to escape the privations inflicted upon them by the inhuman legislation of England. The effects of our atmosphere, our corn bread and pork, and our free schools upon the wretched, emaciated, filthy, and ignorant Irish who swarm hither, is really remarkable. It is too late now to mend a sad blunder, in English politics, but we know that proud as are our neighbors of their 'royal husband,' we could have sent them his peer in intellect and physical ability from the progeny of the emigrants we receive from the 'fast anchored isle.' Some 'colored' men are whipped, no doubt, but for every colored man who is degraded by whipping on our soil, we elevate half a dozen fugitive British subjects who are at home still more degraded by the operations of glorious 'Magna Charta.' We have our three millions of slaves in the United States, but we are not the great slaveholding nation of the world; for all that, we must yield the palm to Great Britain, which has six slaves with white skins, to our one with colored faces. Our slaves never suffer physical want; the manufacturing, mining and agricultural slaves of England, starve to death or gnaw the rotten flesh from bones discarded as offal, to prolong a miserable existence. We think a family of slaves would be a more attractive sight in the Crystal Palace than a family of farm laborers from Ireland—a country wronged by English

legislation to an extent that makes our colored laborers a happy race in comparison. Were the Southern States surrounded by an Ireland, we should need no law to reclaim fugitives from labor, we should want instead, a wall of fire to keep out the millions of squallid, free British subjects who would flee to our negro quarters, whip and all, with as much eagerness as the Israelites sought the promised land.—Gazette of the Union.

News of the Day.

KENTUCKY.—Powell, Dem., is elected Governor of this State by some 600 majority. The last accounts were that Dixon, his Whig opponent, had succeeded. The Congressional delegation, will probably stand five Whigs, four Dem., and one Independent Whig.

INDIANA.—It is said that the Whigs have elected three members of Congress in this State, being a gain of two. In the last Congress there was but one Whig.

ALABAMA AND TENNESSEE.—The delegation of the first is composed of five Union men, and two Secessionists.

In the latter, the Whigs have certainly elected their Governor, CAMPBELL, and a majority in the Senate, and perhaps of House, almost certain.

THE CUBA INVASION.

We find the following letter in the New York Express, giving an account of the rendezvous of the Cuban Expedition on the Florida Keys:

Orange Key, Bahama Banks, Aug. 1, 1851.

Two small steamers from New Orleans, with from 1,000 to 1,200 men on board, anchored in Los Mimbros Roads last evening, and after stopping for about two hours, passed this place steering E. S. E. It is well known here that the Cubans have purchased these steamers, and that those on board formed the auxiliary force expected by the Patriots from the United States. It is impossible to conjecture the cause of so many small craft, with such able bodied crews, assembling along the Reef and among the innumerable islands, unless that which excites the public mind in regard to the political movements not transpiring in Cuba.

The destination of the steamers and the boats in this Archipelago, is unquestionably the Bay of Neuva, which is the entrance to Puerto Principe, the river emptying into the Bay running into the interior of the town of Principe. The approach to the Bay of Neuva, by troops, must be made by sea from Havana, and not an oyster boat can move now in these waters unknown to the invaders at Puerto Principe, or on the opposite side of the island, and equidistant are the town and river of St. Cruz, which is accessible to small vessels of war, and, to a certainty, at one of those two points will the men from the Reef and from the steamers effect a landing.

The white population of Cuba does not reach 600,000, and the free colored and slaves as many. The Creole whites are 140,000, and the free colored 40,000, equal to 180,000, all of whom are capable of bearing arms and favorable, it is said, to the revolution. Opposed to this force are 20,000 Spaniards, belonging to the Island, and 23,000 Spanish troops.

The next intelligence will be decisive, and will declare to the world that Cuba has severed the link that connected her with Spain, or riveted it more firmly, to endure for ages.

Yours very truly,  
J. THOMPSON WYLD.

MOB IN COLUMBUS, GA.—We find the following dispatches in the Macon Journal and Messenger of Wednesday last:

COLUMBUS, Aug. 12, 3 30 P. M.

Messrs. Editors: There is a great mob raging here at present. The negro man Jarrett, convicted by two successive Juries of the infamous crime of committing a rape upon a little girl of ten years old, was to have been hung to-day. To the surprise of every one, he was pardoned by Gov. Towns. This has created great indignation among the populace, and a mob of five hundred persons are now before the Jail awaiting the hour of 4 o'clock, at which time they expect to hang him.

COLUMBUS, Aug. 12, 6 10 P. M.

The mob assembled at 4 o'clock proceeded to the Jail and demanded the keys. The Sheriff refused to give them up—the doors were broken open, and the negro brought out and hung to a pine tree back of the Jail.

LOPEZ AND HIS EXPEDITION.—No news from these people yet. It is said that the movements of Lopez and his band in New Orleans, were open and unreserved. That public drills were had, that the Steamer Pampero, received her passengers and freight without concealment, the officers of the Government not preventing, and that she went on her voyage amid cheers, &c., &c.

They must have landed ere this, and we shall learn in a few days whether Lopez has gained the garotte or founded a Provisional Government.

BOAT UPSET AND FOUR LADIES DROWNED.—Providence, Aug. 10, 1851.—A boat in which were Mr. Rufus Reed, a brewer of this city, his two daughters, two Misses Potter, of Providence Island, and two other persons, names not yet ascertained, was upset in a gale yesterday noon, near Bristol. The four young women were drowned. Mr. Reed sustained himself by swimming, and the other two clung to a portion of the mast, which remained above water, until they were rescued by the crew of another boat. Only one body had been recovered.

UNFORTUNATE AFFAIR.—We learn that in attempting to arrest three runaway negroes below the Warm Springs, a few days since, one of them was shot and instantly killed, and another wounded, by a young man named Williams. The third one surrendered, and is now lodged in the jail at this place. The boy that was killed, is said to have belonged to a gentleman in Georgia.—Asheville News.

A MOTIVE FOR STUDY.—One of the best methods of rendering story agreeable, is to mix with able men, and to suffer all those pangs of inferiority, which the want of knowledge always inflicts. Nothing short of some such powerful motive, can drive a young person, in the full possession of health and bodily activity, and to such an unnatural and such an unobvious mode of posing his life, as study. But this is the way intellectual greatness often begins. The trophies of Mithras drive away sleep. A young man sees the honor in which living genius is held, the trophies by which it is glorified after life, it receives and enjoys from the feelings of men, not from their sense of duty; but men never obey this feeling without discharging the first of all duties, without securing the rise and growth of genius, and increasing the dignity of our nature, by enlarging the dominion of mind. No eminent man was ever yet rewarded in vain, no breath of praise was ever lavished upon him; it has never been idle and foolish to rear up splendid monuments to his name; the rumor of these things impels young minds to their noblest exertions, creates in them an empire over present passions, impels them to the severest toils, determines them to live only for the use of others, and to leave a great and lasting memorial behind them.—Sydney Smith.

READING.—Make it a rule to read a little every day, even if it be but a single sentence. A short paragraph will often afford you a profitable source of reflection for a whole day. For this purpose keep some valuable book or paper always within your reach, so that you may lay your hand upon it any moment when you are about the house. We know a large family that had made itself immediately acquainted with history, probably more than any other family in the United States, by the practice of having one of the children, each one taking turns, read every morning while the rest were at breakfast.

WHO WOULD'N'T BE AN OLD FELLOW.—A few days since a fishing boat belonging to Aberystwith, was driven by stress of weather to Porthell, a sea port in North Wales, distant 32 miles from the former place.

Having neither meat, drink, nor money on board, the boat's crew were at their wits end how to raise the "ways and means."

Luckily two of them happened to be Odd-Fellows, and they immediately made inquiries whether there was a Lodge of that honorable Brotherhood at Porthell, and finding there was, they made application to it.

The claim was instantly responded to; and it is with infinite gratification, we state that not only the two brother members were carefully and cordially received, but the whole boat's crew were supported for nearly a week at the Lodge's expense, and on their departure money was put into their pockets amply sufficient to defray their expenses home.

Who would'nt be an Odd-Fellow.

English Mag.

"The death of a man's wife," says Latheline, is like cutting down an ancient oak that has long sheltered the family mansion. Henceforth the life of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, falls upon the old widower's heart, and there is nothing to break their force or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand were withered—as if one wing of his eagle were broken, and every movement that he made brought him to the ground. His eyes are dim and glassy, and, when the fit of death falls upon him, he raises those accustomed looks which might have smoothed his passage to the grave.

ANOTHER MAN OVER THE FALLS. A dispatch to the Buffalo Express, from Niagara Falls, on Friday evening, says:—

"A man has just gone over the falls! He came down in a small boat, and appeared to be asleep. The people shouted to him from the shore, and woke him up, but it was too late to do anything, as he was already in the rapids. He fell out of his boat at the first pitch, and was seen to go over the cataract, with the boat a little ahead of him. His name is not known."

THE MARKETS.

Providence, August 16. Tobacco—common, 12 1/2 to 13—good to fine, 12 1/2 to 13—shipping, 12 1/2 to 13. Cotton—prime, 12 1/2 to 13. Corn—selling at from 45 to 55 per bushel; wheat 90 to 95 according to quality; corn 12 1/2 to 13; beans 12 to 13; peas 12 to 13; green peas 12 to 13. No material change in prices generally since last week.

FABRICATED, August 16. We have to report another dull week, with the exception of flour which arrived very freely on yesterday. Some 60 or 70 barrels came in and sales were made at \$2 20 to \$2 50 per barrel. Cash. Cotton has declined, and sales of it were made at 42 cents per pound, and 4 for bounties; corn, per bushel, 12 1/2 to 13 cents; beans, 12 to 13 cents; peas, 12 to 13 cents; green peas, 12 to 13 cents. No material change in prices generally since last week.

WINDY, August 16. Stock of bacon light, and hams bringing 12 cents; corn 12 1/2 to 13 cents; flour 12 1/2 to 13 cents; a small lot of inferior white oak barrel staves brought \$1 50 per M—A considerable demand for 65th and white oak staves and also ash leading; river cut boards and settling in demand. The Journal says of Naval Stores. The sales of Turpentine have been steady, with one exception, since our review of last Thursday. The receipts continue light, and have received by water from above this day. On Tuesday, 300 barrels brought \$2 20 for yellow, and \$2 60 for virgin dip, being an advance of 10 cts per bbl. The sales previous and since have all been made at our last week's figures, viz: yellow dip at \$2 20; virgin dip at \$2 50 per bbl. of 280 lbs. The sales of the week last amounted to 2700 bbls. Spirit Turpentine—About 700 bbls. of this article has changed hands since our last week's review, at 26 cents per gallon, at which price the market closes this day week. 303 barrels of the above estimate changed hands this morning. The market appears to be settled to-day. Rosin—600 barrels No. 3 Rosin changed owners at 90 cents; and 1,700 at 95 cents per bbl. Market not considered firm. Tar—A small lot—200 barrels—reported to be inferior, fetched \$1 20 per bbl.

WARRIED.

On Tuesday evening, the 5th inst., at the residence of Mr. William Butler, by the Rev. Wm. Kennedy, Mr. George M. Wilder to Miss Martha S. Long—all of Elizabeth City.

In this vicinity, at the residence of John Bales, by Rev. H. B. Hay, Mr. W. A. Buffalo, to Miss Emily Buffalo, of Northampton County.

**JOHN JONES,**  
**UPHOLSTERER AND MATTRESS**  
**MANUFACTURER.**  
RALEIGH, N. C.

OFFERS his services to the Citizens of Raleigh and its vicinity. All articles in his line of business, executed to order, promptly. Mattresses, Sofas, Lounges and Easy Chairs, manufactured on the cheapest terms. He is situated on Wilmington Street, opposite Mr. Nixon's.

Raleigh, August 15, 1851. 51—

**W. H. THOMPSON,**  
**WATCH MAKER AND JEWELLER.**

RETURNS his thanks to the citizens of Raleigh and its vicinity, for their kind patronage, and would respectfully inform the public that he has removed to a part of the building occupied by E. J. Harding's Clothing Store, where he is prepared to execute all work in his line of business, with neatness and dispatch, and on the most reasonable terms. Give me a call, and I warrant satisfaction in every instance.

Raleigh, Aug. 11th, 1851. 50—3m

**COPARTNERSHIP.**

The Subscribers have formed a copartnership under the name and style of **LEETE & JOHNSON**, for the purpose of transacting a general Barter Business. They may be found at present at the old stand of Thos. J. Johnson & Co, with a reasonable and varied stock of Goods.

**CHAS E. LEETE.**  
**THOS. J. JOHNSON.**

Aug. 9 1851

**NOTICE.**

All persons indebted to the firm of Thos. J. Johnson & Co. are requested to call immediately and settle their dues, as it becomes necessary to settle the old concern forthwith.

The subscribers, thankful for the very liberal support of their patrons to the old firm, bespeak a like liberality to the new.

**THOS. J. JOHNSON & CO.**

Fayetteville, Aug. 9, 1851. 50—3m

**TO SONS OF TEMPERANCE, MASONS, ODD FELLOWS, AND ALL OTHER ORDERS AND SOCIETIES.**

**McDONALD & LYONS, No. 7, Exchange** St. Richmond, Va., 2 doors from the Post Office, manufacturers of U. S. Flags, Regalia, Banners, Colonnades, Emblems, Jewels, Marshall's Sashes and Hat Bands, Marshall's Buttons, Gaiters, Ballot Boxes, &c., &c. One of our firm has just returned from the Northern cities with a large and splendid assortment of every kind of Trimming necessary for all business in all its branches. Our stock has been selected from the best importing houses. We are, therefore, prepared to manufacture every thing in our line at unusually low prices, and warrant our Regalia to give satisfaction in style and quality.

Electrotype Sashes engraved at short notice and forwarded to any State by mail.

Banners printed and trimmed in every variety of style, from \$25 up to the most costly. Gold and Silver Embroidery, of any pattern or design, executed in the best manner at short notice.

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No. 7 Exchange Place, Richmond, Va.  
N. B.—Gold and Silver Laces, Sashes, Buttons, Fringes, Tassels, Braid, Banner Sticks, Gilt Eagles, &c., &c., always on hand and for sale low.

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**OF PREMIUM REGALIA DEPOT.**  
**GIBBS & SMITH, No. 73 Baltimore St.**  
Baltimore, Md., respectfully invite the attention of the Brethren of the different Orders throughout the Country to their extensive and beautiful assortment of

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Members of 60 ENCAMPMENTS, ODD FELLOWS, MASONS, SONS OF TEMPERANCE, REGALIA, and other Associations, wishing to furnish their HALLS, or supply themselves individually with REGALIA, will find our House one of the best and most complete of the kind. We keep constantly on hand a large and beautiful assortment of all styles.

**ENCAMPMENTS, LODGES, or Divisions of the Sons of Temperance** forwarding their Orders may depend upon the articles being furnished in as good style and at as low prices as if they were present to select.

**BANNERS, FLAGS, PEARLS, &c.** for the different associations, made to order at the shortest notice. Address **GIBBS & SMITH,** Regalia & Banner Manufacturers, No. 73 Baltimore St., Baltimore.

Sept. 26, 1850. 5—ly

**DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE.**

Application for Charter for Subordinate Union in the State of North Carolina, shall be made to the Grand Union of North Carolina, and forwarded to the G. S. Office. The charter fee is five dollars, including the proper books.

Applications to open new Unions must be signed by at least eleven persons, who must be ladies of good reputation and standing in the community.

The standing and character of the applicants for a Charter, must be certified by some officer of the Sons of Temperance, or a Clergyman of Justice of the Peace living in the vicinity, and accompany the application.

**FORM OF APPLICATION FOR A Union of the Daughters of Temperance (Date)**

The undersigned, Ladies of ———, believing the Order of the Daughters of Temperance to be well calculated to extend the blessings of total abstinence, and promote the general welfare of mankind, respectfully petition the Grand Union of the State of North Carolina, to grant them a Charter to open a new Union, to be called the ——— Union, No. ———, Daughters of Temperance, of the State of North Carolina, to be located in ———, and under your jurisdiction.

We pledge ourselves, individually and collectively, to be governed by the rules and usages of said Grand Union, and also by those of the National Union.

Enclosed is the Charter fee, 65.

It must also be stated whether the applicants are members of the Order or not—if they are, of what Union. To be directed to Mrs. LUCY M. PETERSHILL, Grand State Secy., Raleigh, N. C., free of postage.

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